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Jos. M. Freedman, Atty,
Lyceum Theatre Bldg,
Memphis,
Tenn.

Monday
~~Ma~~ April 23-17.

My darling, precious Joe: —

It is wonderful to-day. Just to be alive makes you happy. Do picture if you can, how happy I am to be able to enjoy this weather — and while enjoying it — thinking of you! Thinking of you all — all the time — whenever I see anything or hear anything I admire, the thought always accompanies it — that when you comes home, you too must see or hear it, cause I love

for you financially and most of all whether I am going to see you this summer. Oh, am I, Joe? I hope so with all my heart.

Had a delightful time last Saturday night and Sunday. The plays were beautiful. There was a friend of Carrie's there, a pharmacist also, who after the performance took us to the Automat where you can always have fun, and latter took us home. I saved the program to send to you, but I must have

you so. Even Saturday letter I will not allow to discourage me — perhaps you expected too much — and the receipts were as good and as big as they should be. Don't discourage of the whole thing — but, you were tired then, and I know you feel better and differently now. Invited the carrier this morning but there was no word from you. Expect the letter will come in the afternoon's mail but I was anxious to know as soon as possible how the case resulted

dropped it out of my arm when I rushed out of the train last night coming home. I was extremely sorry. Yesterday I had to work and spent the afternoon out there and in the library. I cannot accustome myself to being alone and I certainly was lonesome. But it was a thousand times better than staying in at Bellevue and listening to those men talk, talk - talk - and about nothing. In the evening I went to the party and there I sure did have a nice time

I thought I should be too tired to enjoy myself or help to entertain as I had been standing or walking practically all day. But this was soon all forgotten - just as soon as the victrola began to play. It was a surprise party you know — and for about 20 minutes we were kept in suspense and ready to yell surprise or burst paper bags and blow horns. The room was dark except for the light the lanterns gave, and there we all sat on the floors leaning

like troopers again yesterday. The seeds are all sowed. There is lettuce, corn, radishes, tomatoes peas, beans. - (that's all I can remember). And on the end of each row, I fixed up a little tombstone - Here lies Mr. Tomatoes etc. At least that's what I told him it looked like. In order to help us remember what is planted - each row, he planted a stick there and tied the envelope the seeds were in on the against the walls, not our feet tucked under us. All the girls had paper flowers in their hair and I guess I looked more like a Geisha girl than a yiddisha one.

Expect to call up Rose during the week and tell them to come without fail on Sunday. I hope the weather will be as nice then as it was yesterday.

You should see how nicely I fixed the garden. They worked

top of the stick. It sure does look comical — but never mind we are going to have some fine long Ital. vegetables (at least I hope so). The gardner is bringing in some plants for me this week for the front garden.

I am extremely tired so shall close with a big ~~lunch~~ hug and a squeeze.

Lovingly
Your Frances.